If you repay me not on ſuch a day
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſumme or ſummes as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.
Ant. Content i faith, ile ſeale to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the *Iew*.
Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſity.
An. Why feare not man, *I* will not forfet it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, *I* do expect returne
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
Th. thoughts of others: pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his day, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neyther
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goats, I ſay,
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraight,
See to my houſe, left in the fearefull guard
Of an vnthrifty knaue; and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew*: the Hebrew will turne Chriſtian,
he growes ſo kinde.
Baſſ. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay.

My ſhips come ho

Enter Moroch
foure

Moroc. Miſlik
The ſhadowed liue
To whom I am a n
Bring the faireſt cr
VVhere Phœbus f
And let vs make in
To proue whoſe bl
I tell thee Lady, th
Hath fear'd the val
The beſt regarded
Hath lou'd it too:
Except to ſteale yo
Por. In termes o
By nice direction o
Beſides, the Lottry
Barres me the righ
But if my father ha
And hedg'd me by
His wife, who win
Your ſelfe (renow
As any commer I
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for t
Therefore I pray y
To try my fortune
That ſlew the Sop
That wonne three
I would out-ſtare
Out-braue the hea
Plucke the yong ſu

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH